Week ending October 21, 1944 Volume 76 Number 2001

JOHN BULL

Threepence Every Thursday

GIVE THE BOMBED PRIORITY

by the Editor

BIG THREE'S GOLDEN CHANCE

by A. G. Gardiner

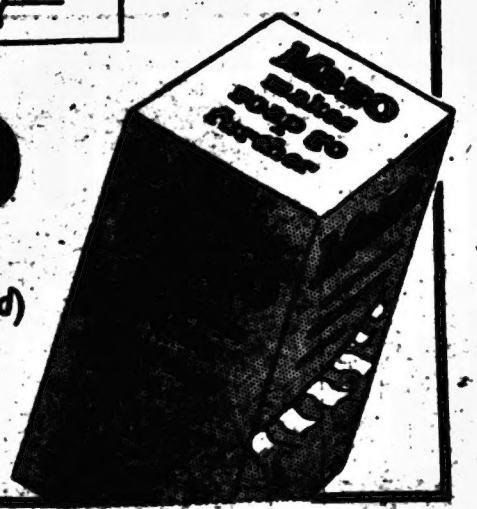
How to make your soap go twice as far

MAZO peps up soap. Makes it lather better, work harder, go further. Mazo therefore saves your soap coupons. It saves your clothes as well, because the rich sudsy Mazo lather loosens dirt quickly and without hard rubbing.

Make a test of Mazo. You will be pleased with its remarkable thoroughness. If your weekly wash is fairly large you can save ½ bar of soap every washday.

MAZO

LOOK!
3 PACKETS (9½d)
FOR ONLY
1 COUPON



MZ 101-414

Selling Agents: JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

A most welcome spread

WATCH the expression of sheer delight which follows your child's introduction to 'Vimaltol.' This delicious vitamin food with the sweet orange flavour is as nice as the nicest jam.

Prepared from the finest ingredients and embodying the results of present-day dietetic research, 'Vimaltol' possesses definite advantages for increasing strength and weight, maintaining reserves of energy and fortifying resistance against infection.

Being highly concentrated, 'Vimaltol' is a most economical as well as a valuable addition to your child's dietary at all times. It makes a delicious spread on bread.

VIMALTOL

The Delicious, Body-building Restorative and Vitamin Food for Infants, Children and Adults.

Based on Modern Scientific Research

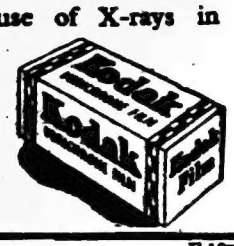
In two sizes, 3/- and 5/6

V130

KODAK FILM helps anti-rickets vitamin research

But for X-rays, many young chickens would die. Those above were used by Vitamins Limited to find the Vitamin D needed to prevent rickets, so that enough can be fed to the thousands of chicks reared every year in this country. Older research methods depended on killing the chicks to examine their bones. Now they can be photographed by X-rays and their lives saved.

Such vitamin research is only one of the countless advances made possible by the use of X-rays in industry, medicine and science. Kodak special films have done much to make these advances possible . . . much to enable the even wider application of X-rays in the future.



F.19D

DUTY FREE SMOKES

For Royal Navy and H.M. Forces Overseas

"I feel I must say a word of appreciation of your tobacco service to the Troops. My son, who went through the African campaign and is now in France, has received his supplies all the time; my son-in-law in Ceylon writes that his arrive in perfect condition and are very much appreciated, and my nephew in Egypt writes in the same strain. Thank you very much for your service." *(Sgd.) E.M.P. 5th Sept. 1944*

This extract is typical of many letters received, and we take a justifiable pride in our service. Ask your tobacconist for the official label/order form or in case of difficulty apply direct to us, George Dobie & Son Ltd., Duty Free Dept., 9, Causeyside St., Paisley, Scotland. On receipt of a completed form by your tobacconist or by ourselves your order will receive IMMEDIATE attention. All goods sent to the more distant fronts are vacuum packed to ensure arrival in perfect condition after long transit and cost only quarter of the home price.

Note: The Post Office has temporarily suspended despatch of private parcels to Prisoners of War.

FOUR SQUARE
TOBACCOS & CIGARETTES

FOSTER CLARK'S SOUPS

FEED – WARM – NOURISH

STILL PRE-WAR PRICES

one of the lucky ones!

she's got a tin of Nescafé

We regret that it must be rather a matter of luck to get a tin of Nescafé these days. Under war-time conditions it is impossible to meet the increased demand, and grocers are rationed. Nescafé is so convenient: no mess, no grounds, no coffee-pot to wash up. But what a good, stimulating, fragrant drink you can enjoy when you *do* get a chance to buy a tin.

NESCAFE
A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

M.3.B.

OVERHEARD IN THE BUS

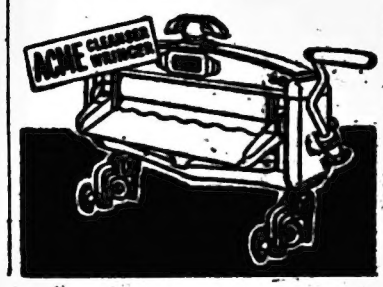
". . . . No, I simply borrow, quite shamelessly! You see I'm fortunate enough to have a neighbour with an *Acme and I really don't know how we could have managed without it."

"Ah, I was lucky enough to get my Acme just before the war, and just in time for our evacuees. It's done a grand bit of war work, I can tell you . . ."

"They're so easy to handle, and don't your things come out crisp and clean!"

"That's why an Acme's definitely part of *my* post war planning—and I'm sure I'm not the only one! . . . . . "

** The Acme Cleanser Wringer (thanks to the Acme patented 'Cantilever Pressure') squeezes out all the invisible dirt left in the rinsing water and therefore gives you a whiter wash; yet Acme's rubber rollers are safe for the most delicate fabric.*



FOOD FACTS

Teaching Grandmother how to cook cabbage!

There isn't much Mary can teach Grandmother about cooking. But when it comes to cabbage—well, Grandmother used to drown it! It was a soggy, tasteless mess. Then, one day, Mary showed her *her* way.

• • •

GOODNESS! YOU'D NEVER GET ME TO DO THIS. IT SAYS "SHRED CABBAGE AND BOIL FOR ONLY 10 TO 15 MINUTES"
AND KEEP THE LID ON TO PRESERVE THE VITAMIN C. IT TASTES MUCH NICER, YOU'LL SEE!

Mary shredded the cabbage coarsely. She put only a cupful of water into a saucepan, added salt, and brought it to the boil. In went the cabbage and she boiled it for only 10 to 15 minutes, with the lid tightly on.

• • •

YOU WERE RIGHT. I'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH CRISP DELICIOUS CABBAGE. NOW I TAKE THAT "FOOD FACT" HOME!
OF COURSE, GRANNIE. I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT WHEN YOU TRIED IT!

Since then, Grandmother has been teaching all her friends how to cook cabbage Mary's way. "It tastes so good you'd never recognise it!" she tells them. "And you preserve the Vitamin C, too, which we all need to guard against over-tiredness, skin troubles, and soft gums. Just you try it!"

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUES., WED., THURS. & FRI. at 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 223

She kept trying until she got some

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

keeps the home clean and protected

KH 99-861

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON

FINE, THANKS!

I eat something crisp and crunchy every day. When I can get it, I prefe

RYVITA

CRISP. NOURISHING DAILY BRE

October 21, 1944—JOHN BULL Volume 76, Number 2001. 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

GIVE THE BOMBED PRIORITY

THERE ARE NEARLY a million bomb-damaged houses in this country as winter approaches.

Yet there is no need to leave the victims of the "blitz" to shudder. Provided we take emergency measures, they could at least be kept warm and dry until repairs can be completed.

JOHN BULL has already drawn attention to cases of inefficiency, blundering and inexcusable delay. Readers have supplied us with many others.

The main points of criticism were:—

DELAY BEFORE repair work of any kind was attempted.

To patch leaking roofs is the first step in first-aid, but tarpaulins often arrived late, and sometimes, after delivery, they could not be put up for lack of labour on the spot.

Repairs had to be done quickly, but time was lost, not saved, by doing them so badly that roofs continued to leak after they had been patched.

There was an absence of planning. Repair work was sometimes allowed to start on unoccupied premises while near-by residents were living in the wet.

Some houses are still waiting for first-aid treatment, although they were damaged last July.

OFFICIALDOM'S MOTTO ought to be: "Everything for the buzz - bombed. Make their homes habitable at top speed."

Repairs should be divided into two classes: those which can be done by unskilled or semi-skilled handymen, and those which demand skilled labour.

It is certain that a call for volunteers would meet a fine response from Home Guard, A.R.P. and Fire Service men now standing easy. They could do splendid work provided they were given the right jobs at the right time and place.

Skilled labour repair gangs should be used only on essential work; careful central direction would avoid wasting their time.

It has been suggested that bomb-damage victims might be given priority in coal supply. Certainly, but they deserve priority in other things as well.

They should have first call on all available labour, transport, building materials, billets, and vacant property.

The State owes nothing less than this to the men, women and children who broke the enemy's attempt to break our morale with his secret weapons. It is a plain duty to shelter them from weather and want until permanent homes are available for all.

The Editor

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Time for Churchill Greatness

Many opportunities for shortening the war have been missed. Now a new and perhaps last chance is open to us. Here is what the Allied leaders should tell the German people

PLANS FOR THE ADMINISTRATION of a defeated Germany are being hastened. Even the Allied lawyers who will supervise German courts in peace time are being chosen.

Such moves presumably reflect an optimistic glow in high quarters regarding the probable duration of the war. What is more important is to see that every effort, political as well as military, is made by Mr. Churchill and other leaders to end the war in the shortest possible time.

Unfortunately, the Allies are still pulling their punches.

Present to Goebbels

Politically, not only have many opportunities of shortening the war been missed, but we have strengthened morale on the German home front by providing material for Goebbels' propaganda.

The only factor which may enable the Germans to face the terrors of the coming months is the prospect of even greater horrors to be suffered at our hands if they surrender.

That is a misconception to which Mr. Churchill must give the lie. The Moscow meeting will have armed him with the necessary authority.

Himmler and Morale

This is our great opportunity; perhaps our last one. The ravings of Himmler, and our own captures, prove that many German soldiers are not reluctant to surrender. There is abundant evidence that German civilians are equally war-weary and apathetic.

One clear-cut Allied statement is needed to convince them of the positive advantages of forsaking Nazism, and thus knocking months off the war.

It should be hammered home by every means: by the B.B.C., by megaphones on the battlefield, by the dropping of leaflets.

Rubbing it in

What should our story say?

1. German prospects for the sixth war winter are grim, as Himmler and other Nazis have rightly said.

General Hodges is determined to treat all German strong-points with Aachen ruthlessness if resistance continues.

Similarly, Bomber Command Harris will wreck German cities as completely as he has destroyed Darmstadt.

But these horrors need not happen; it is for the German people to decide whether Himmler shall drag them to complete disaster.

Conquerors, Not Oppressors

2. The German leaders are not preparing a prolonged defence; they aim only at a final wave of destruction for destruction's sake, and the German people will be its worst sufferers.

3. Eisenhower's proclamation, that we come as conquerors but not as oppressors, means that we would help the anti-Nazis to restore democracy in the Reich.

4. It is within the Germans' own power to save their cities from destruction.

5. At the end of hostilities the Allies would send food to Germany, sweep away the Gestapo, scale down the excessive working hours in German industry.

Civilians leaving a German town for the safety of Allied lines; can those who remain in the Reich be persuaded to work for us?

Conditional Surrender

6. That "Unconditional Surrender" does not mean what it says.

It means that war criminals would be subject to impartial justice, all Germans not guilty of proven crimes would later be allowed to work their passage to an honourable place in the European family, that all German facilities for furtherance of war would be suppressed, German industrial and political systems brought under international supervision, and so on.

Churchill Can Do It

That would be the United Nations' manifesto. Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt, we believe, are great enough to profit by the most momentous diplomatic opening of the war. Above all, despite the former sneers of a now-silent Fuehrer, they are held in enough respect by the ordinary German people for their offer to have a deep effect.

Let us at last be allowed to go all-out for a quick decision in the West!

Eisenhower is Confident

DESPITE THE TIME of year, the military situation is hopeful. Several weeks of good fighting weather remain; Eisenhower and Montgomery are confident of making swift progress in that period.

Recent operations have plainly been preparatory to a general offensive. One of the most pressing reasons for the Prime Minister's Moscow trip, presumably, was to persuade the Russians to pay less attention to the Balkan front and more to the central sectors.

A synchronised attack on Germany from east and west is the obvious strategy of the moment; it would be foolish to dissipate our energies.

Lloyd George Didn't Say

ON OUR OWN HOME FRONT, the last word about coal has not been said by Major Lloyd George. Did he lose some of his notes for his recent statement?

What he did say was pointed and disquieting. Miners' wages have gone up but their production has gone down. There is considerable absenteeism among the younger men, though he admits it is lower than in any other industry. A great improvement must be made if the millions of people who have endured the flying bomb are not to shiver by fireless grates.

To be fair, the Minister should have added that he is asking the miners—in the name of the public—to do rather more than they can reasonably be expected to do.

The Other Side

For there is another side of the picture. Doctors in mining areas say that the men are suffering from excessive fatigue and strain, that they have too little time for recreation, and too little food.

Moreover, even in the coalfield where absenteeism is most marked, where one thousand fewer men are employed than in 1939, this year's output is 100,000 tons more than the pre-war figure.

The real remedy is a long-term policy of rationalising the industry, even if that means nationalisation. Meanwhile, we must rely on the miners to put us all still more in their debt.

Wait for November

EXPORT TRADE PROSPECTS for after the war are the subject of more acrimony than is deserved. There is the danger of bad blood between Britain and the U.S.A. being caused by people on both sides who do not appreciate the difficulties of Whitehall and Washington.

The chief difficulty is next month's Presidential election.

When that is over, it should be possible for both Governments to discuss mutual problems and arrive at agreement.

Good Will Abroad

There is no justification for accusing any of our Allies of a lack of good will. Whatever may be the greed of individual Big Business thrusters, the leading statesmen of the world have learned that no country can remain prosperous if another is pauperised.

Our own business men can best face the future by preparing plans and designs rather than expressing jealous resentment of foreign initiative.

It may be May

RUMOURS OF AN immediate General Election "to stab the Labour Party in the back" are no more than the wishful thoughts of a few Diehards. The earliest date is likely to be next Spring, probably May.

No Party would want it before Hitler had been extracted from his cavern at

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

continued from preceding page

Berchtesgaden. It would be fairer if the Social Security scheme was made law by an all-Party Government rather than used as election window-dressing by the Conservative Central Office.

The latter is not very anxious for it to be enacted in its entirety. The Prime Minister, however, has been converted to strong Beveridge.

Turned Down

THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE'S figures last week, which showed the country for the first time just what has been achieved on the land, clashed badly with the news that the Wages Board had refused farmworkers an increase to 90s. a week.

The Agricultural Workers' Union hoped, at least, that the present minimum would be pushed up to £4. We hoped so, too.

Fight Goes On

We have supported the farmworkers all along and we shall continue to do so. The inflation bogy is not justified. To pay landworkers £4 a week would not have caused inflation. The fight isn't over yet.

Shoes From America

AN EX-SOLDIER who was disabled for life on the Somme battlefields in 1916 has just been sent a much-needed pair of shoes from a kindly and sympathetic American friend.

On these shoes the ex-soldier had to pay 26s. as Customs duty. He feels that in cases like his, a little consideration and understanding might well have been shown on this side of the Atlantic, too.

Dear Smoking

A Scottish father was delighted the other week to hear from his R.A.F. son in India that a parcel of cheroots was on the way. Out in Karachi they had cost 10s. 4d.

When the postman delivered the parcel in Glasgow he demanded £3 10s. 10d. to cover the duty, for the son had not used the special Customs declaration label. He was told to take back the parcel, and he put it with a dozen others in his van, all refused by relatives of men who'd sent gifts from overseas.

Forces Library List

Some of the gifts sent overseas are just as unwelcome. Last week, at the Services Central Book Depot, we saw some of the books which the public has given for the fighting men. One of them was called "Links in Rebecca's Life," by "Pansy"; another "Aunt Jane's Hero."

They must have been passable reading compared with "Sermons by Dissenting Ministers in Herts and Cambs, 1837," "The B.B.C. Handbook for 1928" and "The Artisan" (a record of the progress of civil and mechanical engineering for 1860).

Round the Rules

DESPITE ALL the Government's restrictions, a good deal of non-urgent repair work is being smuggled through in London. We saw a dozen men renovating a perfectly weather-proof shop last week. Places like Croydon and Wimbledon need the labour first.

Round and Round

And materials are not so plentiful and easy to come by that they need be sent on unnecessary cross-country trips. We've been hearing about loads of slates and tiles sent from London to a firm on the coast and then brought back to blitzed areas.

Take Them Inn

An interesting suggestion comes from the landlord of a big public house in the East End of London. He has three empty upper floors and twenty rooms not being used. Most of the rooms are furnished. And, as he says, scores of other landlords have the same sort of accommodation which could be used for bombed out families.

Fishy

A HOUSEWIFE whose husband is on a fish diet went into a Newcastle-on-Tyne shop the other day where she saw a large piece of fish on the slab and asked for a pound. She was told it was all he had and she must take the lot. Tired from a vain search elsewhere, she spent 4s. instead of the 1s. 4d. she had intended to spend.

Half an hour later she was disgusted to see the fishmonger lift another big piece of fish from under the counter and put it on the slab—as fresh "bait."

Smart Practice

Another shop trick is being practised a lot these days. A Potteries woman gave a pound note for a 3s. 6d. padlock and was given 6s. 6d. change. She protested, was invited to look in the till, where sure enough a 10s. note was on top of the paper money. The shopkeeper threatened to call the police as the woman still argued. But he changed his tune when another customer said he'd seen a pound note handed over and put at the bottom of the notes in the till.

Pat on the Back

OUR ARGUMENTS for the zoning of war-wounded are beginning to get results. The War Office has been willing, but handicapped by the shortage of ambulance trains and the needs of the Ministry of War Transport.

Still, it is good to hear that one of the boys of a Cornish village who lost both his legs in Normandy has been convalescing for several weeks at a place within 20 miles of his own home.

Disclaimer

MRS. COGGISHALL, OF SUNBURY, says she is not the Mrs. Coggishall of Sudbury whom we quoted last week as saying that she would like some Pont L'Evêque cheese from Normandy if there's any surplus. Mrs. Coggishall, of Sunbury, doesn't eat cheese. We're sorry for her. Pont L'Eveque is delicious.

"Might Come In"

WHO SAID SCOTSMEN bound for England never buy a return ticket? Eighty-seven-year-old John Davidson, gardener at the Cricketers' Inn, Bagshot, bought a return ticket at Perth seventy years ago and he's still got the "come back" half in perfect condition. The name of the railway has long since been changed, but that doesn't worry old John. He's still working a full week and isn't thinking of going back to Scotland yet.

What Becomes of the Money?

Enormous fines, sometimes amounting to £20,000 in a single case, are being levied for war time offences. What happens to the money yielded by these and other types of prosecution is explained in this article

by DAVID J. MURPHY

"THE DEFENDANT was found guilty and a fine of £2, with costs, was imposed." In every newspaper you read of such ends to court cases.

But have you ever wondered what became of the money? What, for instance, happened to the £2 just mentioned?

The answer is that almost every fine reduces either the taxes or the rates you have to pay.

With a total of nearly £1,000,000 being taken in fines every year, the rating or tax reduction is not to be ignored. In some special cases a local authority has a real windfall.

This happened recently at Exeter, where £600 which had been subscribed to illegal football lotteries—the promoters were convicted and fined—passed to the corporation for the relief of local rates.

The disposal of ordinary fines is carefully regulated by a section of the Criminal Justice Act, 1914. In addition, the Defence Regulations contain a provision covering the heavy fines such as those imposed for currency offences.

IF A FINE OF £1,000 is imposed, the Treasury get £500, and, after police costs have been deducted from the remaining £500, the balance is distributed in accordance with the 1914 Act.

The task of distributing the money falls on the clerk of the court in which the fine is imposed.

Fines for motoring offences went to the Road Fund before the war. Now they go to the Ministry of War Transport.

If a policeman is involved in a case and has been the victim of attack or assault, the fine goes to the Police Pensions Fund. The same fund also benefits from fines imposed on those who do not take out dog licences.

Local authorities benefit when parents are fined for not sending their children to school and when a householder is fined for allowing a chimney to catch fire.

The Post Office gets the money from fines imposed for using a wireless set without a licence.

The directions which guide the clerk of the court in allocating the money are in general, fair and sensible. If a gas or electricity consumer is fined for using current or gas without paying for it, the money goes to the supply company concerned.

But the really big money—from the fines imposed for Black Market offences, Customs irregularities, income-tax frauds and illegal currency transactions—goes to help the taxpayer. The Treasury gets the bulk of these fines and uses the money for the reduction of taxation.

Argument

LICENSING HOURS

Assuming that the working hours of those who serve in licensed premises are regulated fairly, should opening hours be controlled after the war?

for

1. INTOXICANTS, AS THEIR NAME implies, are toxic—that is, poisonous; their sale, like that of other poisons, should be rigidly controlled.
2. Alcohol is a habit-forming drug. What man ever stayed away from work and blued the rent money on an orgy of cocoa?
3. Before control, drink was a terrible national evil. Now, drunkenness is negligible.
4. Control of drinking hours was made law by a Parliament largely composed of moderate drinkers who took action in the emergency in the last war caused by the abuse of drink.
5. The present hours are reasonable, and whenever there is a special need they are varied to meet it—for instance, 5 a.m. opening for Covent Garden market.
6. Economists are agreed that we still spend far too much on drink; extension of hours would certainly increase this already excessive expenditure.
7. Tourists don't come here to drink. What American ever decided not to visit Stratford-on-Avon because the pubs there shut at ten!
8. Experience has shown that in dealing with alcohol neither prohibition nor complete freedom work so well as a reasonable measure of control.

against

1. PEOPLE WHO DON'T DRINK themselves are determined to stop others drinking, or, failing that, to make it as awkward as possible. Is this democratic freedom of action?
2. Teetotalers say beer is poison, and then pass laws which, in fact, make people drink it faster.
3. The excesses on which "reformers" base their case are fifty years out of date. Drunkenness has been lessened, not by controls, but by improved conditions.
4. A well-organised minority of fanatics forced through unpopular drink laws by blackmailing M.P.s in their constituencies.
5. The present regulations are farcical—no law which makes a man buy a sandwich to get a drink can possibly command his respect.
6. The ills teetotalers foresee were controls removed, would never happen. When serving drinks on trains was allowed, they prophesied trainloads of drunkards engaged in perpetual travel!
7. Childish drink laws must inevitably hinder the expansion of our tourist trade, so essential to post-war prosperity.
8. The publican, given freedom, would develop his business along the lines of the French café; it is short hours which make the inn a "drink shop."

BIG THREE'S GOLDEN CHANCE

This time the Allies mean to be united in peace as in war; pledged to avoid the blunders of 1919 they will strive together to make the future of world civilisation secure and prosperity permanent

by A. G. GARDINER

WHETHER THE END of the war comes this side of Christmas or the other, one thing is certain. It will not catch e world totally unprepared for the peace as e end of the last war did.

This we owe mainly to the astonishing tivities of Mr. Churchill. He is the Winged ctory of the Allied cause.

Just as in the critical years of the war he shed over the western world like a shuttle a loom weaving the garment of strategy, now he ranges the earth in pursuit of the uits of victory.

We rarely know what continent he is in, hat part of the world's sky he is traversing, whether he is closeted with Mr. Roosevelt America or Marshal Stalin in Moscow.

The risks of this flaming crusade keep us tenterhooks, but its value to the cause is estimable. From Teheran onwards it has pt the Big Three in ceaseless contact.

And it is on the strength of that triple rd that the issues of the peace, as of the r, depend. Hitler's last hopes are all ntred on the cord being unstrung. Instead, e triple noose tightens hourly, remorsely und the neck of Germany.

We await now the final meeting of the g Three which should do for the strategy of e peace what Teheran did so brilliantly for e strategy of the war. It has been delayed the Presidential election in America, but rt month should bring it about.

In the meantime, great strides have been ade in preparing the preliminaries of peace. here are two main groups of questions in hich decisions have to be taken.

The most immediate is that relating to e occupation and administration of Ger- any. This, next to the Pacific war, is under- ood to have been the principal subject of e conversations of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. urchill at Quebec, and it may be assumed have had the chief place in the Stalin- urchill talks at Moscow.

Agreement as to the zones of occupation located to the Big Three is now believed to final. Russia will be responsible for stern Germany including Berlin, Britain r north-western Germany, including the hine and the Ruhr, and America for uthern Germany.

ASSUMING THESE VAST burdens the Big Three will have the call upon the other embers of the Grand Alliance to render lp. France especially will have a large rt to play in a task which, however dis- steful, is vital to the reconstruction of rope.

Not least important in this phase of the ace programme are the measures of retri- tion and restitution which will be enforced. It is the declared purpose of the Nazis to carry on the war underground.

In combating this it is not enough to round up and hang the chief gangsters. That will not be difficult. The neutrals won't have them and the Berchtesgaden stronghold will not long survive a daily dose of 12,000-lb. bombs.

But the extirpation of the whole generation of Thugs that the Hitler régime has raised is a more formidable task. They are irreclaimable, and if we are to destroy them we must enlist all that is reclaimable in German society against them.

NAZISM, LIKE THUGGISM, is a criminal conspiracy against the law and morality of civilised life, and membership of it must be treated as a criminal offence without reference to specific crimes.

The Thugs must be segregated in the concentration camps they have provided so plentifully for their victims. We rooted the Thugs out of India a century ago. We must root them out of Germany by the same methods we adopted there.

But the main task of the Big Three is not the cleansing of the German stable, great as that is. Their main task is the establishment of world security based on a new World Order.

For their guidance in this great matter, they have the scheme drawn up by their experts at Dumbarton Oaks. In considering this plan two questions arise: (1) Why did the League of Nations fail? (2) How does this plan differ from the League?

THE LEAGUE FAILED for two chief reasons: (1) America deserted it, and its members were unfaithful to it. (2) It was unarmed and collapsed before the armed criminal conspiracy of the Axis.

Now, the new plan differs from the old League in two principal ways: "United Nations" will carry a gun. It will have at its call the whole military power of the subscribing nations, and it will, if necessary, exercise that power against any aggressor nation.

In a word, it will police the world and substitute the arbitrament of the law for the arbitrament of the sword in all international relations.

In the next place, the new plan separates the function of maintaining peace and security from the general business of economic and political organisation under the new order.

The primary responsibility for keeping the peace will not rest with the General Assembly. It will be vested in an executive of eleven, called the Security Council.

On this Council Britain, Russia, U.S.A., China and, in due course, France will have permanent seats. Six other seats will be filled by election from other States composing the General Assembly.

COUPLED WITH this more efficient instrument is the fact that the Allies this time mean business. They have all undertaken to stand four-square in the peace as they have done in the war. Whoever is elected President next month, U.S.A. will not desert the peace. And this time Russia will be one of the principal pillars of the structure.

It is in these circumstances that the Big Three will meet next month to give the lead to the world out of the evil wilderness of the past. We do not know whether they will wholly endorse the Dumbarton Oaks plan. Nor do we know whether all the Powers concerned will accept that scheme in its entirety.

But the tragic blunders of 1919 will not be repeated. We know the perils. We know we must hang together if civilisation is not to perish utterly.

And we know that behind the Big Three is the driving force of mankind over the whole earth.

The League of Nations was unarmed—"United Nations" will be backed by Spitfires and other weapons

OPEN LETTERS

The HOME GUARD

GENTLEMEN,—It will be "Stand Down" soon after nearly four and a half years—years of constant alerts, training, preparation. Do you remember—

The first queues at the police stations, the early denim uniforms, those drab, shapeless uniforms for which you fought and pleaded?

The first red-banded rifles and those that came later from America? Product of 1917 they were, and choked with grease. But what a scrap to gain possession of one!

The first L.D.V. armlet? A poor thing, but how proud you were to slip it on the sleeve of your old civvy suit.

The first real uniforms? And then the build-up, despite muddle and confusion, into the finest citizen army the world has known?

You put up with a lot of blunders. You were harried from post to post. You could hardly snatch an hour's leisure in the days when you were on duty one night in every four, and turning out for every alert.

Great days those—days of real effort and real sacrifice, though you, of course, will laugh at such high-flown sentiment.

Yet this is a time for sentiment. It is a time for thanksgiving that the nation has been spared the horror and agony of invasion; and it is a time to appreciate that the Home Guard stood always firm and resolute to defend our shores.

Only you who have served, you who have kept vigil on long and lonely patrols, you who have manned ack-ack guns, you who have given up leisure, home and comfort for so long, know just what this stand-down order means.

For a time you will feel slightly cheated; you will find time hang somewhat heavily on your hands. But always you will be able to draw on those memories so rich in comradeship, so studded with the jewels of faith and loyalty.

You can say in no false sense of pride: "I also served." Beyond that, pride may not, cannot, go.

Gentlemen, I salute you.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Lord WOOLTON,

Minister of Reconstruction

DEAR LORD WOOLTON,—You must have been reading my leading articles. For your recent review of Britain's industrial future is based almost wholly on the principles which I have been preaching for years.

You have had the courage to denounce the profit motive, that overriding factor which in the past has caused much individual misery and industrial chaos.

You have been bold enough to tell business men that they can no longer depend on the stimulus of making and keeping great wealth. You have warned both employers and workers that the Brave New Britain will not be achieved unless industrial output is brought to its highest point.

And, finally, you appeal to all engaged in industry to join in a great industrial revival in the spirit of a national crusade.

These warnings will make many a man, looking forward to the return of the bad old days, pause in his plans to exploit labour and the public. You will awaken in the minds of the workers a sincere belief that they and their earnings are no longer to be regarded as an incidental charge on industry.

In this respect I wish you had been more explicit. Decent wages should be the *first* charge on industry; and that any business or industry unwilling, or unable, to meet such a charge should be reorganised compulsorily.

The worker, in turn, must give of his best and become a whole-hearted co-operator with his employer. Then we can face with assurance any problems that arise, and build our prosperity on the rock of mutual esteem.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON,

Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR JOHN,—No doubt your attention has been already drawn to the case of Irish labourers in this country who are dodging P.A.Y.E.

These men are earning three or four times as much money as they can earn in Ireland. They are well treated and they are free from State calls on their services. They are merely exploiting a situation created by a war which, in theory, is as much theirs as ours.

Surely there is at your disposal some machinery which, put in motion, would compel these farm labourers either to pay tax or return to their own country? If there is not, why not create the machinery?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON,

President, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. DALTON,—War or no war, peace or no peace, let's try to make this coming Christmas a brighter and a happier one for the children.

They have had a tough deal. They have been blitzed and bombed, evacuated, torn from their homes, deprived of the little luxuries which were commonplace to children of happier generations.

Raise the toy quota! Give Father Christmas a chance to distribute his favours on a more lavish scale. Release the raw material for transformation into those things which bring such joy to childish eyes.

Very wisely, you have just announced special priority for the manufacture of children's and babies' wear. Now deserve the double thanks of parents.

You promised months ago a larger allocation of toys. Keep that pledge. Don't let the children down. And if you listen to my plea and be a real Santa Claus you'll earn the gratitude of millions of youngsters, and of JOHN BULL.

P.S.—*I hope you've already taken steps to prevent the usual ramp in toys.*

Mr. H. MORRIS,

Chairman, Birmingham F.C.

DEAR SIR,—I think you'll find it difficult at the end of this month to persuade the Football League to adopt your idea of part-time professional footballers.

Training and team work are the golden rules that go to the making of a really good Soccer team. I fail to see how any man turning out to play once a week can hope properly to blend with his fellows.

Football is a serious phase of our winter life. And the millions who spend their shillings and half-crowns to watch their favourite teams perform want the best their money can buy. Part-time pros., whatever you say, can never be best.—JOHN BULL.

Your Good Heal

Tired Muscles

by DR. GREVILLE PA

EVERY PART OF the body exc the heart likes to get a r occasionally, and this p ticularly applies to our musc All a muscle can do in life is contract and expand, and, if make it do so several hund times in succession, it g browned off and packs up hurts and swells.

The forearm or the leg is swol and painful. If you lay the p of your hand on it, while the musc are moved, you can feel a creak going on. All the long forea muscles have tendons, or lead which run through sheaths—t these sheaths fill with fluid: he the name tenosynovitis, which Greek for inflammation of linings of the tendon sheaths.

Tenosynovitis has become a v common complaint, partly due to many people taking up repetit work that they are not used to, g partly, I think, because of the amount of protein in our war t diet. Muscles need a lot of prot to repair the ravages of wear a tear—and we get our protein in m fish, eggs and cheese. Enough s

A swollen limb of this sort ha be rested till the swelling goes do It often helps to strap the wh thing up with elastoplast, or to it on a splint. Personally, I o put plaster of paris around because this gives a splint "m to measure," is more comforta and gives really complete rest.

THE POINT IS, it doesn't want r bing or exercises. It wants rest and putting in a sling. The m complete the rest, the quicker it settle down.

Then the mechanic goes back his filing, the housewife to her pet-beating, and in less than no t the whole trouble starts over ag Whatever the temptation to c on, it is essential after this c plaint to get a change of job, a not to use the same group of musc

In wise factories they sw people round periodically from job to another—partly so that t shan't get too bored, but really ensure that they won't be away weeks with tenosynovitis, and ting in compensation claims w they come back!

If you work in a factory and be to find an intolerable aching in group of muscles you are alw using, ask for your job to be chan for a while.

Wisdom

"WHAT WE SEEK is the reign law, based upon the con of the governed and tained by the organised opinion mankind."—WOODROW WILSON.

"Believing in the power of hu reason, I believe that truth, murder, will out, if only it is give sufficient airing."—DR. C. E. M. J

"Those who harbour race pr dices are the germ-carriers Fascism."—PEARL BUCK.

Man of Peace Who Was an Ally of War

Alfred Nobel, who founded the famous Peace Prize, dreamed of peace—yet invented deadly explosives; fabulously successful, he was homeless, embittered, unhappy, and a self-styled failure

by CONNERY CHAPPELL

HE WAS A MASS of contradictions; a man of peace, he caused untold suffering; a gentle creature with the mind of a poet, his chemistry brought little but misery to the world; a rich man, he was homeless; friendly, he was almost without friends; brilliant, he was his own most savage critic.

Worth millions, he considered himself a worthless failure.

Such a paradox was Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the man who dreamed of a world without war—and who invented dynamite.

The story of the Nobels—for there were five of them, a brilliant father and four brilliant sons—is a story which has all the elements of Greek drama. For it seemed that the fates, which endowed them with genius, decreed that tragedy should follow them, wherever they went.

It started when the father, Immanuel Nobel, had his first job in life, and went to sea as a cabin boy in the year 1815. Perhaps he was an unlucky companion; anyway, many of the crew died, and on the voyage home the captain himself died at sea.

Went Bankrupt

Immanuel soon left the sea and became an inventor. Marriage gave him four sons, but his happiness was short-lived, for he became involved in business deals which were out of his depth and he went bankrupt.

The Crimean War against England helped him enormously, and he was busy behind the scenes; some of his sea mines were used against the British Navy.

But the Czar died, peace was declared, and the Russians left him to face his creditors. He had opened huge armament factories; they were no longer needed, and the Government refused to pay for them.

At the age of 60, old Immanuel had to start life again.

Meanwhile, his sons were making names for themselves.

For these boys became brilliant chemists; they were taught to write in five or six languages; they studied philosophy and literature, and generally became exceptionally well educated men.

Ludwig, after many adventures, became an armaments maker. In seven years he delivered 450,000 rifles—then a huge quantity—to the Russian Government. He made vast fortunes out of the threat of war, yet like his brother Alfred he was a dreamer.

Robert was even more successful. He went to the Caspian Sea in search of wood with which to make butts for his brother's rifles—and he saw the primitive oil wells around Baku.

He was the first man to see the possibilities of the place. He built railways and pipelines; he started a fleet of tankers; he brought oil derricks and prosperity to one of the most primitive places in the world.

Meanwhile Alfred, the most brilliant of the four young men, had been studying chemistry in various parts of Europe and America, after helping his father on the torpedoes and sea mines. In the year 1863 he had his first great triumph. He formed an explosive from a mixture of gunpowder and nitro-glycerine.

Almost immediately the invention had unhappy consequences. His father, old Immanuel, tried to claim it, and the two men quarrelled bitterly.

A year later the Nobel's family laboratory near Stockholm went up in a shattering explosion. Five people were killed, including Emil Nobel, Alfred's younger brother.

That explosion was the first of many; nitro-glycerine was not safe. A ship that was carrying it blew up off California; a bottle of the milky liquid, stupidly left by a commercial traveller from Germany in a New York hotel, blew out the front of the hotel; as fast as companies were formed to exploit Alfred's patent, so anxious governments produced legislation banning its manufacture.

Alfred had reached his crisis. He rushed to America; he was surrounded by racketeers who were trying to steal his ideas, by lawyers who were trying to steal his patents and grab his money; he attracted crooks and adventurers of all sorts, and he was soon in a hopeless bog of legislation, fighting for his rights in courts all over the world.

In the middle of all this he produced his greatest invention, dynamite, which was simply a nitro-glycerine explosive in a solid and comparatively safe form.

That was in 1867, and dynamite changed the life of its inventor, just as it changed the military strategy of the great powers.

Alfred Nobel, armed with his specifications, went from country to country, taking out patents, fighting law suits, arguing with governments.

Years of Struggle

It took him years to persuade the world that dynamite was safe; he came to England and demonstrated explosions at a quarry near Redhill, in Surrey. Slowly, he won his fight for recognition, and in the next few years fifteen dynamite factories were opened in his name in various parts of the world. A new industry had been created; a new way of killing enemies had been produced.

Fifteen tons of dynamite were used in a single mine in the Spanish Civil War, killing three hundred of Franco's soldiers

Europe's richest vagabond, as a cynic called him, carried on. His patents dragged through the High Courts of the world; the world was suspicious of him, but the world courted him.

Towards the end of his life he started selling up his dynamite interests, intending to retire and live on the proceeds. Enormous concerns were involved. In Britain, for instance, the Nobel Dynamite Trust and Nobel's Explosives Company were the parent concerns out of which the giant combine now known as Imperial Chemical Industries was formed.

But Nobel never lived to dream his dreams in retirement. His health had always been poor; he went from spa to spa seeking cures, but he had a stroke and died a worn-out man in 1896, at the age of 63.

The bitterest, cruellest thing that was ever said about him was written by himself.

Once, asked to give an editor some biographical details, he wrote: "Of Alfred Bernhard Nobel it might truly be said that his miserable existence should have been terminated at birth."

Cheaply melodramatic? Hardly. For Nobel really meant what he wrote. The philanthropist who gave fortunes to the poor died as lonely and aloof as he had lived, leaving behind him a vast fortune, a wrangle of lawsuits, a chain of huge companies, an unproduced tragedy in four acts, written in German, an unfinished novel and a few scraps of poetry written in English.

Fortune As Prizes

Even in death there was no peace for the name of Alfred Nobel, for the wills he made and the huge sums he left were the subject of more and more litigation.

But finally everything was settled in the way he would have wanted it himself. As he directed, a great fortune was set aside to be used as a trust fund out of which Nobel Prizes were to be given year after year.

Science, literature and peace: these were the three subjects out of which Nobel spun his dreams while he was inventing dynamite. And it was those subjects which he awarded.

In the long list of prize winners are many of the greatest names in the modern world. Prizes for physics have gone to Professor Einstein, to Madame Curie, to Marconi, and to Michelson; chemistry has given prizes to Sir William Ramsay and Professor Rutherford; Ross, the man who worked on malaria, Koch, the German who isolated the germ which produces tuberculosis, and Banting, the genius who discovered insulin, are among the medical men who have received Nobel awards; literature provides a long list, which includes Rudyard Kipling, Anatole France, W. B. Yeats, and Bernard Shaw.

Each prize is worth about £10,000, varying according to such things as the rate of exchange. There are usually five awarded yearly, and the announcements are made soon after the anniversary of Nobel's birthday on October 21, 1833.

One thing is reasonably certain this year. It is most unlikely that there will be a Nobel Prize for the greatest contribution to Peace.

No. The world to which Nobel gave dynamite is much too busy. Using it.

Human Machine

PLAY FAIR WITH YOURSELF

LEISURE AND WORK bring different results. Does that sound obvious? Maybe, but it is surprising how many people either don't believe it or don't want to believe it.

So many people want both leisure and the results of work. They can't have both—but they keep on trying!

These people are not being fair to themselves. Either they are wearing out their spiritual qualities by letting their energies rust away in idleness, or they are wearing out their physical qualities by denying them the rest that is necessary even, engineers insist, to machines.

To play fair with yourself you must balance work and leisure so that you get the best of both. This is one case where you can have the best of both worlds if you go about it sensibly!

There has always been a quite unfounded legend that work is an evil. Work is not an evil.

Work is an essential, essential for our sanity and for our self-respect. work well done keeps us on an even mental keel.

Leisure, too, is an essential—but it must be leisure rightly employed. Idle hands and idle minds were never intended for any one of us.

We can't start too soon to discard the notion that there is any merit in idleness. The really happy person is the really busy person. Of course, he's happy. He hasn't time to be anything else!

Price of Peace.3.

THESE ARE OUR ENEMIES

BIG BUSINESS

To make peace stable, we must do more than restrain Germany from aggression. We must control the Merchants of Death and international Big Business, ambitious politicians and others who mislead the peoples.

EVERY COUNTRY IS VULNERABLE to the war-breeding influences we have been discussing in this series, but none has received them more willingly than Germany.

Three times in living memory that nation has been seduced by them, and the explanation lies largely in German national traditions and their effect on German political development.

The ruling Junker class, which formed and fostered those traditions, made a profession of war. The army was therefore a partner of Government instead of being its instrument.

For generations, from the cradle, children were taught that battle was fine, and that, in life, as in battle, obedience was the first of all the virtues, whether it was to evil commands or good.

This habit of obedience enabled the Nazis, when they came, to go even further than the Junkers. Shutting out all light from outside the Reich, they taught the impressionable young that sadism and arrogance were also worthy qualities, that a "virile" nation must live by torturing its minorities at home and plundering its rivals abroad.

Once, some such teachings were dominant notes in Britain's traditions; but here Democracy gradually developed (it is still only adolescent now, and much afflicted with growing pains), and many voices were heard instead of a few. We began to talk about Liberty and Justice as well as about Conquest and Race.

Because Democracy can seldom emerge from tyranny otherwise than through revolt, and because the tradition of obedience forbade revolt, Germany has known less of Democratic Government than other nations.

She tried it after the last war, blamed it for the hard times which were part of the world depression—part of the world anarchy we have been studying—and turned to the Nazis' promises of prosperity, strength, and a place in the sun.

BUT THE NAZIS were not the only exploiters of German tradition and lack of Democratic strength. Indeed, to begin with, they were little more than the hired thugs of the great German industrialists and their Junker allies, who feared the rise of Democracy much and the rise of Communism more.

They were all aided, however, by the international situation. For the League of Nations was "failing"—which means it was being sabotaged by its members. The nations of the world were not only unready to join for collective security in resisting aggressors, but equally reluctant to take the logical if heart-breaking alternative of preparing for another war.

The German people saw Japanese aggression unchecked in Manchuria; Italian aggression in Abyssinia greeted with no more than the pious raising of hands; Franco aggression in Spain producing from the "peaceful" nations nothing more than Non-Intervention.

They saw their own Hitler defy the League Powers time and again, and get away with it. It became plain to them that their "humiliation" after the last war, on which the Fuehrer insisted so frequently, was not punishment for crime, but punishment for not being successful in a crime.

They agreed with their rulers that they would certainly make sure of success next time, even if it meant guns before butter.

So the war became inevitable. And if another war is not also to become inevitable fifteen or twenty years from now, what must we do this time with Germany during the period of Reconstruction?

Shall we, as some extremists suggest, exterminate the whole nation for succumbing to false gods, or sterilise it, or keep it in permanent and abject slavery?

No; even to avenge the horrors of Lublin, Lidice and Oradour we cannot do these things, for we know well enough now that prosperity, like war and peace, is indivisible.

We know it is impossible, in a secure world, to keep millions permanently down and out, even if we are prepared to use the rubber truncheons, knuckle-screws and death-ovens which most of us have been fighting to abolish.

This is no plea for Being Nice to the Nazis. It is a plea for being wise in our own interests.

The extremists, in fact, are war-breeders themselves; ignorant of that vicious circle which may be expressed as follows: War causes hate, which causes injustice, which breeds desire for revenge, which inevitably fosters war.

Somehow, if real peace is ever to reign on earth, one of the sections of that wheel must be broken—and since the war is ending and punishment of the vanquished has not yet begun, we can best use the hammer on the first two.

Not in any sermonising way, but as part of the practical price of peace, we must give up the luxury of hate.

Certainly, the Allied armies must occupy Germany during the Reconstruction. Certainly, the industries with which she might make new weapons must, at least, be strictly controlled.

CERTAINLY, THE "WAR CRIMINALS" must be punished—if we can catch them—and the worst of them, the barbarian revellers in atrocity, must meet a fate that will deter all sadists in the world from copying their deeds.

But the transgressors, it must be shown to the world and to themselves, have not earned punishment primarily for being born in the Reich.

Since we shall all, in a sense, be the judges, we must remember all the time the true purpose of justice, which is to reform the guilty while protecting the innocent, to teach criminals *and others* that crime does not pay.

Our aim must be to keep Germany impotent to do harm while she is learning her lessons; while we are exposing her traditions as the mediæval puerilities they are; while we are encouraging her people to tread the road of Democracy.

Behind that—nothing. For if, in a generation, Germans yet unborn are still paying harsh penalties for the sins of their fathers *without much hope of ever being reprieved*, there will be hunger, desperation—all the feelings which tempt men to violence and peoples to war.

If genuine reformation is ever to seem worth while to the Germans, though, the

AMMATORY POLITICIANS

REACTIONARIES

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invasion. One British industrialist was asked before the Royal Commission in 1935 if he felt any delicacy in his mind about this transaction. His reply was, "None at all." He had previously said "It is not our job to create peace."

At about that period British firms were selling warplanes to Germany to form the beginnings of the *Luftwaffe*. That sale helped to put Britain behind in the air race—and also gave the *Luftwaffe* the benefits of British Government research and experimentation.

All the time that Germany was pleading incapacity to pay British debts, in fact, British firms were selling to her *for cash* enormous quantities of war supplies.

Even a month before this war broke out the newspapers were recording that "huge German orders for rubber and copper were executed in London, regardless of cost."

Well, that is the Armament trade; and everything it does towards war is done also, though less spectacularly, by the other controllers of Money and Markets.

Most of them are amiable men who would be aghast if you accused them of sharing responsibility for mass murder. "It is not our fault!" they would protest. "It is the fault of the System."

Exactly. That is why the System must be changed. But whenever somebody advocates changing it, these men defend it. It becomes then "Patriotism" and "Freedom" and other fine things.

So, while the System lasts, these men are as much the enemies of world peace as the Nazi depravers of young German minds.

With them, under the skull-and-crossbone banners of Profit, march strange and strong battalions.

There are those sections of the world's ruling and privileged classes which have ever impeded progress and enlightenment.

There are the world's ambitious politicians, using the System to gain power. There are those parts of the world's Press which "know which side their bread is buttered," and which, through cupidity or ignorance, preach the worst kind of inflammatory Jingoism.

And there are the natural-born reactionaries who hate all change, and the natural-born bullies who would have welcomed Hitler in their own countries. (And if there are potential Nazis here, may there not be potential Democrats in Germany?)

We must even watch the churches; for it needs to be said that organised religion (which is often a very different thing from real religion) has a permanent tendency to Reaction—to God-blessing the squire (who is nowadays often the arms king) and his relations and keeping us in our proper stations. It is more likely to preach Junker-like obedience than intolerance of evil.

IN SHORT, the peoples of the United Nations must watch, and strive continually to control, all the purblind but powerful forces in their own lands. That is as necessary as watching the Germans in the post-war years.

We can control those forces only by a truly Democratic system in which the people of each country not only pay the piper but are educated enough to call the tune and alert enough to see that it is properly played.

A system, incidentally, that will seem to the German masses to be attractive enough and equitable enough to be well worth the price of admission—which, for us as well as them, is the banishment of greed, hate and ignorance from the control of the world's affairs.

Next week we shall conclude our survey of The Price of Peace with a fourth article: MEN'S MINDS MUST CHANGE.

Hannen Swaffer Talks

ABOUT PEOPLE AND EVENTS

THE ANCIENT RUINS of Greece, centuries old, have seen many things—the glory and the fall of a great civilisation, a people's decline from world leadership to pitiless suffering from Turkish cruelty, triumph, disaster, subjection.

Not even the writers of Greek tragedy, however, have told of events so harrowing as what is now being unfolded by the march of the liberating armies.

Prince—and Peasants

PRINCE PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA tried to hand over the country, of which he was Regent, to the Nazis. He is now living on an allowance taken from the national purse, and reported to be no less than £2,000 a month, in Johannesburg, "a better climate than that of Kenya," where snobbish British settlers had fêted him.

The Greeks, on the other hand, resisted the Germans to the end. Their reward was enslavement and starvation. No fewer than 300 a day have been dying of hunger in Athens alone.

Staggering with faintness, too weak to cheer their liberators, the peasants have asked, in whispers, "Why did you not come earlier?"

Immortal Greece

WOLVES, IN THE OLDEN TIMES, have wandered at night among the fallen pillars of Greek temples. Their howls have mocked at the shattered pride and the departed glory.

But, in the recent history of Greece, there has been glory and destruction at the same time. While Germans have ravished, Greeks have endured. Their monument will be the reverence of Posterity.

Yet our official policy is to help back to the throne the king who once sided with Metaxas, the dictator! All the Parties in Greece, on the other hand, are concerned with saving the nation, not the throne.

The Cold Shoulder

IT WAS A NEW ZEALAND officer just back in London after months with the Maquis who confirmed my story about how well the Americans treated an escaped British prisoner before he was cold-shouldered by his own Army.

Attached to the British, he had dealt with headquarters in Cairo, Algiers and London, he said—and Whitehall was the worst.

When he complained bitterly at the War Office because he and two other majors were crowded together in one bedroom, and because they could not get new uniforms, the functionary said, "*It is rather naughty of us, isn't it?*"

The New Zealand military staff then solved both his problems in an hour!

Boxing—and Fighting

IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE to realise, when I came across Jack Dempsey in the West End in the uniform of a commander in the U.S. Navy, that he was bitterly attacked, during the last war, because—how they mocked, then, at his 'fighting prowess'—he was working in a shipyard instead of "joining up."

Yet the time came when the boys of America, voting for the most popular man in the country, put him at the head of the poll with Edgar Hoover, the "G" man. Jack had worn down all the enmity. Dempsey has spent most of his time here with all sorts of

boxers in uniform—Billy Conn, Freddie Mills, and so on.

But few pugilists seem to be sent where there is any fighting of the real kind. Schmeling, an exception, was in Crete with the German paratroopers.

It may be true that boxers are more good as physical instructors—but, to my mind, the idea makes almost as much fun of war as did "Arms and the Man."

Joys of ENSA

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, who ran Liverpool repertory, recalls how, in an icy Drury Lane, he, Mrs. Percy Pitt and Harold Conway sat alone, frozen, during an ENSA audition, when a muscular young woman, singing "Happiness Cannot be Rationed," walked to the footlights and appealed to them: "Now, boys and girls, join in the chorus."

He tells, too, of an elderly aspirant, who, realising her poem about her "doggie in Heaven" was a failure, told the judges, "My poem is only effective with an undercurrent of mystic music."

JOHN BULL short story

The Man WHO LOVED CLOCKS

Mr. Coss had forty-seven clocks but he went to a whist drive hoping to win yet another—he didn't win, and that's how the trouble started

by WILL SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR SPENCELEY

"Goodness!" said Mrs. Merridew. "How many clocks have you got?"

LITTLE WATKIN SWORE. Little Watkin got out of his car. Little Watkin didn't know *what* to do.

Head-lights gone, side-lights gone, tail-light gone. Even that stupid little glimmer on his dash-board had gone. And a policeman would be sure to be along in a minute or two and say he'd have to report him for having a car on the King's highway without lights.

Somewhere on his right a clock struck eleven, and when he peered through the gloom he saw a high, double gate and a wide drive. Investigating, he came upon a house which was past its prime, a house which had probably been thought a lot of when Victoria was a girl.

Little Watkin tapped on the door, and as, presently, it slowly opened and disclosed the shuffling form of Mr. Coss, a clock struck eleven.

Little Watkin explained the position and Mr. Coss was quite amiable about it.

"Push your car out of the way up my drive," he said. "Then you can come in and telephone a garage for help."

"Thanks very much," said little Watkin.

And a clock struck eleven.

When he had got his car safely off the road and had telephoned the nearest garage and was hanging about waiting (with a glass of something of Mr. Coss' in his hand), a clock struck a quarter to something.

"I thought it was gone eleven?" said little Watkin.

"I haven't adjusted that one," Mr. Coss explained. "I've only just got it."

"You run rather to clocks, don't you?" said little Watkin.

"I've got forty-seven," said Mr. Coss. "Like to see them?"

Clocks, as clocks, bored little Watkin to tears, but he didn't like to say so. So he endured Mr. Coss' collection—grandfather clocks, alarm clocks, cuckoo clocks, wall clocks, desk clocks, every kind of clock, large and small, upstairs and downstairs. He tried to look interested and he tried to be polite, but what he was thinking was: "Mad about clocks. That's the very word."

Aloud he hinted that it must give Mr. Coss' wife a bit of a headache cleaning the things.

"Wife?" said Mr. Coss. "No thank you! Not for me! Clocks fill all the time I've got."

In a few minutes the breakdown car arrived from the garage and took little Watkin and his "'bus" in tow. Little Watkin gave Mr. Coss what amounted to a vote of thanks and away he went, never expecting to see the man who was mad about clocks again.

The morning, the sunny morning, after his motoring visitor's sudden appearance and departure, Mr. Coss was strolling along the High Street when his attention was held by a large poster in a shop window. *Thursday's Whist Drive. The Prizes.* That's what the poster said.

And the centre of the lot in the window, the biggest prize, the first prize, was a handsome clock.

It cannot be said that Mr. Coss enjoyed himself at the Town Hall on Thursday night. There were two hundred people there for one thing, which meant a hundred and ninety-nine unlikeable others after his clock. For it was unthinkable that anybody there could be after anything else.

All the same, it was true. Mrs. Merridew, the widow from London, for one; she was after a pair of ivory book-ends. At any rate they looked ivory. And it came to pass (as it would, life being the comic old mix-up it is) that at the end of the evening she had won the clock and Mr. Coss had won the book ends.

"I *did* want those book ends!" Mr. Coss heard Mrs. Merridew say.

IT WAS LATE when the whist drive finished; the last 'bus had gone, and it had begun to rain again. Mr. Coss had an umbrella. Mrs. Merridew hadn't. Which is how things come about.

When Mr. Coss left Mrs. Merridew at the gate of her fortnight's lodging they had made a deal. Mr. Coss was now the owner of the coveted clock, Mrs. Merridew was now the owner of the coveted book-ends.

But Mrs. Merridew was also very nearly in tears. For in taking over the book ends she had dropped one on to the pavement and split it from head to foot.

"Don't worry," said Mr. Coss, who, having got his precious forty-eighth clock, was in an expanding mood. "I can repair it for you. It won't show. Not even a crack."

The next afternoon at three, Mrs. Merridew called for her book-end and went into raptures over the neat job Mr. Coss had made of it.

And a clock struck three.

"You were right," she said, "you can't see a crack in it."

And a clock struck three.

"I told you," said Mr. Coss.

And a clock struck three.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Merridew. "How many clocks have you got?"

"Forty-eight now," said Mr. Coss. "Would you care to see them?"

Mrs. Merridew had not the slightest wish in the world to do so, but a man who could run to forty-eight clocks without (apparently) having to work for a living merited close inspection.

Before she left she spotted a book she had never heard of on Mr. Coss' hall table.

"Oh, you've got a copy of that!" she cried. "Do you know, I've been trying all over the place to get a copy of that for months."

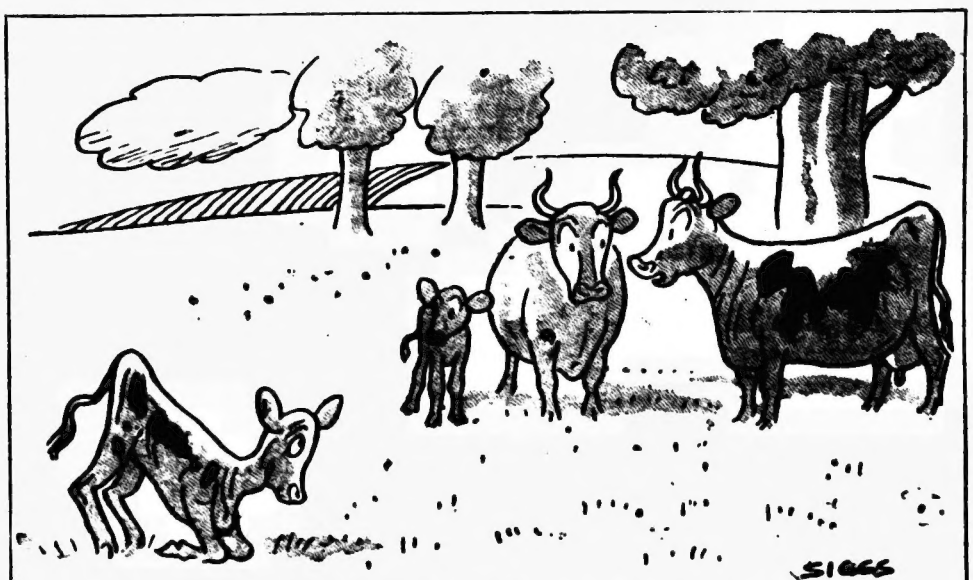
"You can borrow it, if you like," said Mr. Coss.

One day a letter arrived for Mr. Coss from Mrs. Merridew. It bore the London postmark. She was ever so sorry that she hadn't returned his book, but she hadn't been able to finish it during her holiday at Sundown Bay. Should she risk sending it by post? Or if he was likely to be in London soon perhaps he would care to call? In that event she had a clock he might like to see. She didn't know anything about clocks herself, but she understood this was what was called a Lemberg striker . . .

A Lemberg striker! For years and years Mr. Coss had tried to become the possessor of a Lemberg striker. At a reasonable figure.

He wrote back at once to Mrs. Merridew and asked her not to trust his precious book in the post. He'd be in London on the following Monday and would call.

And on the following Monday he



"Mine is terribly backward with his weather forecasts"

d at her modest little house in a
e little street in North London.
d he saw the Lemberg striker.
n, it's a beauty!" he said. "It's
l dandy! Are you thinking of
g it?"
am not," said Mrs. Merridew firmly.
you have a cup of tea, Mr. Coss?"
Coss had a cup of tea. Indeed, he
three cups of tea, to give her time
aken. But she didn't weaken, and
Coss began to see a hard fight ahead.
m not going back to the coast for a
" he said. "If I might call to-
w—in case you've weakened . . ."
shan't have weakened," said Mrs.
dew. "But call by all means. Very
me."
Coss shuffled to the door.
hat was a very nice cup of tea," he
meaning all three of them. "Very
."
l prime was the word. You bet!
Merridew was nobody's fool.

. Coss CALLED the next day. He
alled each day. But he couldn't
ove Mrs. Merridew in the matter
e clock. It saddened him. But
were things to brighten him, too.
nly prime cups of tea. There were
ge rolls such as Mr. Coss had never
with in his life. And kippers done
new way—new, at all events, to Mr.

l, of course, somebody to talk to.
. Coss' last day in London came.
alled. He had some more of those
ng sausage rolls. He had several
of the prime tea. He gaped at the
rg striker. He sighed.
—," said Mr. Coss. "Have you
-that is, ever thought of getting
ied again?"
. Merridew looked away. At the
t.
. Coss looked away. At the Lemberg
r.
d . . . Well, you can guess, can't
They were married in July.
was four years before little Watkin
Sundown Bay again. Then he went
for a week-end.
lking down the promenade in the
ing sunshine, he was aware of a
shuffling to a stop alongside him.
man said:
xcuse me, but could you——" and
ed.
e man stared. Little Watkin stared.
they remembered.
ren't you the young man whose car
down?" said Mr. Coss.

"HAT'S RIGHT," said little Watkin,
wondering where Mr. Coss had got
his haunted look from. "How's
locks?"
locks?" said Mr. Coss. "Oh, yes
cks. I—er—I've only got one now."
nly got one?" said little Watkin.
Lemberg striker," said Mr. Coss.
others. . . . Well, I've got married,
see, and—er—Mrs. Coss—er—
r objected to having them all over
lace. So—"
pulled his right ear and looked at
gull.
afty things, women," he said.
how?" asked little Watkin.
hat Lemberg striker," said Mr. Coss.
ieve it or not, *it was on appro.*, and
to pay for the thing myself!"
ren't we talking about women?"
little Watkin.
Mr. Coss only shook his head
ly, and gave little Watkin the im-
on that he was in for a dose of
ning of the brain.
When you stopped me just now——"
id, in the hope of jerking Mr. Coss'
hts into some kind of level
el.
h yes!" cried Mr. Coss, suddenly
g alive. "Oh, yes! I'd forgotten,
m not home by one o'clock sharp
ll be the devil himself to pay. Ex-
me, but could you tell me the
?"

These books make news.

This is no war-time queue for fish—workers getting to and from work have faced such waiting year in year out

Miss Jones Wastes a Day a Week

Eight hours a week and ten per cent. of a worker's income can be expended on the daily journey to and from the job

by VINCENT BROME

IF THE JOURNEY to and from work could be eliminated, thousands of people in this country would gain another eighteen days in every year.

That is some measure of the deep inroads working journeys make into our lives. Nor does it stop there. The wear and tear on nerves, the energy expended, the food bolted, add another formidable debit to the total.

In short, if we could dispense with this business it might radically change our lives—or so it appears at first thought.

For example, there is Miss Jones, who before the war earned £2 a week at a tobacco factory. She spent a mere eightpence a day on fares, but over the week it totalled four shillings, and day, week or year, it represented 10 per cent. of her income.

Now take the time. Her journey lasted forty minutes each way, which represents eight hours a week—or another complete working day!

Facts and Figures

On the surface it is all a bad business. But let us look deeper. If Miss Jones lived right next to the factory she would not get the fresh air of the suburbs. More important still, if Miss Jones wasn't able to travel she would be strictly limited to one job. Instead, the 'bus, train or tram makes it possible for her to offer her services—in peace time—over a wide area for many different types of job. Mobility of labour is the very breath of life to modern industry.

In "The Journey to Work" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., Ltd.) Kate Liepmann sets out some remarkable facts and figures. This book is the first detailed analysis ever made of one of the most interesting problems of our times, a problem which concerns most working men and women. Here are the facts hidden behind the appearances; and they have taken Kate Liepmann a long time to put together.

Until recently, the subject was forgotten in the haphazard growth of our towns. In Greater London the main new housing estate was developed in the east of the town, while most of the new factories were built in the west. In consequence we have many hundreds of people who travel daily across the whole width of London from, say, Becontree to the Great West Road.

The same thing happened in Glasgow. The Special Commissioners built their trading estate at Hillingdon, five miles on one side of Glasgow, and the local authorities built their housing scheme five miles the other side of the city.

But the figures for the City of London remain the most striking. At night, for instance, the City has a population of 13,709. From dawn onwards it gradually expands until it reaches more than thirty times its night population—to a rough total of 437,000.

To-day we are on the brink of big new developments in town planning and reconstruction. The war has given us another chance to deal with the problem of getting to work. Already many new war time factories have been built in comparatively healthy areas with hostels for workers "attached." This does away with the journey to work altogether.

To some extent, we might adapt the idea to peace time conditions. Obviously, the location of a new factory is mainly determined by the whereabouts of the raw materials it needs for the goods it makes. But sometimes these raw materials are found in places which can also accommodate workers without impairing their health. In any case, no new factory should go up until the problem of getting workers to it has been taken into account.

"No, it ain't what you think, mate. Only the waxwork place is on fire, and I'm saving the figures."

Kate Liepmann carries this point further in her book. She suggests satellite towns which provide employment for the bulk of their populations. These smaller towns could be placed within reasonable reach of the bigger towns and yet not damage the country between them. They would stop the central towns becoming even more unwieldy and yet give the smaller towns the chance to enjoy the culture and entertainment of the parent city.

"Staggering" Travel

But what of big towns as they exist to-day and their work-travel problems? There are two possible solutions. The Ford Motor Works in America "staggers" its arrival times for workers over a period of two hours. Another Continental company varies the times for starting work with intervals of ten minutes between different units.

"Staggering" can bring striking improvements in the *conditions* of travel. A great deal of the wear and tear comes from rush-hour travelling. If it were possible to spread the flow of passengers evenly over two hours instead of cramming them into one, then people might get a seat and begin to travel in comfort.

A famous motor-car company in this country, employing 20,000 people, has shown just what can be done with staggering. Originally, when its employees started work at 8 a.m., their mass arrival led to heavy congestion. There were three plants in the works—A, B and C. That suggested the obvious solution. They decided to start A workers at 7.30, B at 7.45 and C at 8.

National Problem

The second solution involves the complicated question of workmen's tickets. There is as good a case for increasing the number of workmen's trains at workmen's fares over wider periods of the day as there is for staggering.

Mr. Bevin, Minister of Labour, has told us: "When you can get a person from his home to the factory in half to three-quarters of an hour, against the hour or two hours, you increase production by 9 or 10 per cent."

Obviously, the journey to work is not only a personal problem. It is a national one. It affects not only tempers. It strikes at the roots of industry. "Fares, please!" demands a place in our national planning.

Free Speech

NO SHORT CUT TO LASTING PEACE

Speak out—say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform. One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief

PEACE IS NOT a mere armed truce. Peace is positive, not negative. It is a harmonious relationship, based on justice, between men and between nations.

So it is not enough to solve "the German problem" only. Some people talk as if the reign of peace will be established, universally and eternally, the moment Germany is crushed and disarmed. But there were wars before modern German aggression began; and there could again be wars in which Germans took no part.

None the less, our solution of the short-term problem of Germany can be the first instalment of a long-term policy of true peace for all the nations.

In the House of Commons on September 29 Anthony Eden rightly brushed aside the misleading antithesis between a "hard" and a "soft" peace for the Germans. The peace imposed by the victorious Allies must be securely preventive of further German aggression.

But what more can be expected? I was dismayed (though not altogether surprised) to hear a young Tory representative of Big Business say in Parliament that, provided we were ruthless in a military sense, we could afford to allow a gradual return in Germany to a "normal domestic economy."

A normal domestic economy! Krupp's? Thyssen? I.G.-Farben? But that "normal domestic economy" of Germany was precisely one of the basic causes of the present war.

It was German Big Business which, fearing Bolshevism without and within, financed Hitler into power. To restore their mines and factories to the German industrialists would be as disastrous as not to disarm Germany at all.

Merely to *destroy* German industry would be to waste part of the wealth of mankind. It follows that German industry must be publicly and internationally owned and operated.

But that is a Socialist solution of the German problem; and with Russia Socialist, and Germany in process of being Socialised, could the rest of Europe adhere to the old competitive capitalist economy? I think not; and I believe that the peoples of Britain and France and many other parts of Europe are ready to try the Socialist experiment.

The fundamental dilemma of our times is that the present British Government, dominated as it is by Conservative and capitalist interests, will not help them to do so.

In America, capitalism appears to be still expanding and vigorous. The American people as a whole may not be ready for Socialism yet; their agony of transition from the greed-state to the service-community is still to come.

The only hope of keeping peace lies in the continuation into their political and economic life of the technique of co-operation between the Great Powers already established for military purposes. And in the acceptance by ourselves and, ultimately, by the Americans of the dynamic idea which has transformed Russian society and Russian human nature in a generation.

Like so many other things, this hope seems to depend in no small degree on the result of the next General Election.—TOM DRIBERG, M.P.

The Other Cheek

To-day, when there is so much talk of "what to do with Germany," we should do well to bear in mind Mr. Lloyd George's warning after the last war. He said: "You may strip Germany of her colonies, reduce her armaments to a mere police force and her navy to that of a fifth-rate Power. All the same, if she feels that she has been unjustly treated she will find means of exacting retribution from her conquerors. Injustice and arrogance, displayed in the hour of triumph, will never be forgotten or forgiven."

The wishes of President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George were submerged by the triumph of revenge at Versailles. If there is to be any lasting peace in the future, let us resolve that this must not happen again.—F. B., Manchester.

Men Go Veiled

Last week I visited an institution which, to my mind, represents the worst horror of the war. It is a living tomb where men go veiled and mirrors are forbidden lest some poor, mutilated creature, seeing his reflection, should lose his reason at the ghastliness of it. Contact with the outside world is confined to newspaper and radio, and the tragic "living dead" of this fight against Gangsterism eke out a miserable existence until death releases them. Let us never forget.—Alan G. Grant, 119, Soundwell Road, Staple Hill, Bristol.

"Sack 'em All"

Isn't it time all married women were sacked from Ordnance and Munition factories? At least those not in key positions. Many husbands are tired of arriving home from work to find no meal ready, dirty pots and pans, and the children running wild.—North Country Husband.

Suffering in Secret

I most heartily agree with "Refugee's" letter about the unfairness of war correspondents who describe scenes of plenty in the liberated countries. It's a shame that these countries, after suffering untold privation, should now be thrown into false relief by correspondents who only relate the surface of things. People who have suffered in silence for years do not turn out their hearts immediately to strangers, even if they are liberators. It is amazing to hear the ordinary people of Britain speak of France with dislike and distrust. I have lived years abroad. I love France and its people. I know what a tremendous difference it makes to live on French francs as compared with the "great £ sterling" or the almighty American $.—F. Goble, 105, Village Way, Ashford, Middlesex.

Photo Evidence

In all the photographs of the peoples of the liberated areas and in the newsreels I have yet to spot one who seems to be suffering from malnutrition or to be insufficiently clothed. No one in this country minds the continuance of rationing and food restriction to help those worse off than ourselves—but we must make sure they are worse off and have endured the restrictions we've had to endure.—Roy Galsworthy, Rolle Street, Exmouth.

A Parson Thinks

I am a parson—an ex-Army chaplain—invalided home in 1940. Many of my clerical brethren are, of course, pacifists. But I have never been able to feel otherwise than that conscientious objection is immoral. Whatever arguments there are for tolerating conscientious objection, the unpleasant fact remains that the C.O.s stay alive and well to enjoy the fruits of a victory won by the sweat and sacrifice of the heroes.—Ex-Padre, Salford.

Suburbia

Keep clothes rationing, in a modified way, after the war. Many unhappy marriages are caused by the fact that Mrs. Acacia Villa gets more for her wardrobe than Mrs. Bon Accord. If we were only allowed to buy undies, household soft goods and stockings without coupons, and had our dresses, coats and hats rationed, suburban husbands would have a much happier time.—Mrs. Lilian G. Hempel, London, W.8.

Home Truths

Even after four years the French people still remember JOHN BULL. My husband was recently travelling through Normandy when a young Frenchman begged hard for his copy of JOHN BULL. My husband handed it over: he thought a few home truths might be good after so much German propaganda.—Mrs. H. Millington, 34, Woodall Road, Herringthorpe, Rotherham, Yorks.

Service Wives

Your letter from I. R., Brondesbury, was not pathetic, it was purely selfish. During the bombing of London she was afraid to have a baby, but a lot of other women had them in England during the bombing. Maybe I. R. married with the intention (as so many do) of having a carefree, happy time, free from responsibility. Now that talk of demobilisation is going on she's now clamouring for a baby, hoping that this will give her prior claim.—M. P., Gleadless, Sheffield.

"Family Excuse"

I am a soldier's wife, and, like thousands of others, have had children during the war. If we had all thought like I. R., of Brondesbury, it would have been a sad look-out for the coming generation. There must be quite a few wives who are over thirty now who want to use the "family producing" as an excuse to get their husbands released. It's the children who were born in the blitz and are now growing up to school age that need a father's care.—Mrs. D. M., Redcar, Yorks.

Spinster's View . . .

It is truly pathetic to read of "Service wives without babies." If they have no babies, it is often their own fault. They had at least had their chance of love and marry. I am a well-educated woman of thirty years. My last young man has just been killed in action. By the time all the single men are "demobbed" I expect to be an old lady. Am I to spend my time meanwhile having an affair with a married man? Why not send *all* single soldiers home first—and let the married men wait? Give some of us a *chance* to marry.—Miss A., B.A. (Lond.), Edmonton.

. . . And a Man's

It is amazing even in war time how some women are anxious to bear children—most of them either from self-gratification or to place themselves on a level with the "populating community." They seem most eager to leave insecure worldly conditions and unsympathetic Government regulations to the lot of their issue. I am one of a family of eight, and perhaps speak from sad experience.—M. R. H., Paisley.

T.I.M.

At least one Government department can hustle. A house was badly damaged recently by a "doodle-bug" which came down at 4.30 a.m. At 8 a.m. the Post Office people were knocking on the door. They'd come to test the telephone to see if it was still in working order.—P. Childs, Gidea Park, Essex.

First in the Field

FINER THAN SHEEPSKINS

SOME 7,000 YEARS AGO in Babylon an old woman sat sewing a sheepskin to make a garment for her lord and master.

She was using a bone needle and thread which she had fashioned by rotating in her palms the fibres of the flax plant which grew by the Euphrates.

Presently she lay idly back. The work of sewing the sheepskins was hard on the fingers, and even when finished it made a clumsy garment.

Her eyes rested on the walls of the hut, taking in the familiar pattern of plaited osiers.

Suddenly excitement gleamed in her eyes. Picking up a handful of spun fibre threads, she began to copy with them the plaiting of the osiers.

She worked steadily until the sun sank. Then she called her daughters and showed them a flat, close-textured piece of material. They fingered it and felt how much more delicate and supple for clothing it was than sheepskin.

The old woman had produced the world's first piece of woven cloth!

P. S.

The British aircraft industry has shone in war, but is unprepared for peace

Opportunity Knocks ! ! ! !

WE ARE LEFT BEHIND, BUT—

So anxious are British aircraft firms to obtain future designers and highly skilled men that many are offering valuable scholarships and training schemes for boys

by Donald Stokes

EW WORLD is opening in the aircraft industry. The lessons learned under the stress of war search are about to be exploited. et-propelled 'planes, rocket-machines, ing-wings, pilotless craft controlled by io and radar—these are but a few. ere are new forms of propulsion, new es of design which cannot be revealed. An exciting prospect, yes. But a word caution must be spoken straight away the young man considering air transrt as a career. The fact is, the indus- in Britain faces years of anxiety and sperate endeavour before its promise be realised.

A key man at the Society of British craft Constructors, the organisation presenting every great firm in the ntry, explained the position like this: "We are absolutely unprepared for aling with peace cargoes of freight d passengers; all our energies are conntrated on war production. We have thing comparable with the huge transrt 'planes now rolling out of American ctories that were built with the British xpayers' money, under the emergency an.

"A long time must pass before we can gin the retooling and research necesry for peace problems, and secure a ace in global airlines. All we have got brains. We have pioneered in every anch of research, despite our small mber of workers. We've produced the est aero engines, the best designs, and, course, we're sharing these with our lies."

YOUTH attracted to the aircraft industry as a career will find unlimited portunity, if he is prepared to work ry hard till he is well into his twenties. e leading firms are going to remarkle lengths to secure a flow of suitable ys. Most of them are offering scholarips, others are giving bursaries, to able selected apprentices to secure adnced education as well as workshop perience.

So many branches of aerodynamics, ysics and engineering are embraced by craft construction to-day that years preliminary scientific training are essential for any youth who wishes to reach a high position.

An example of the sort of scholarships available—new ones are being added almost every month—are the nine awarded last month by the Society of Aircraft Constructors. These are especially intended for lads whose financial circumstances would have made it impossible to take up an aircraft apprenticeship.

Training will be designed to prepare students for a post on the production or design side of a factory, and included in their training will be periods in the workshops, drawing office, and research division. Roy Harmer, of Southampton, one of the winners, is a war orphan; Edward Islip, of Nottingham, is the son of a brushmaker who is partially blind.

EVERY LARGE FIRM has its own scheme. Blackburns give 100 annual scholarships to enable promising apprentices to receive University training. Captain Sir Geoffrey de Havilland has just instituted a £100-a-year scholarship in his firm.

Possibly the most remarkable of all, however, is the old-established firm of Westlands, which gives up to ten of its best apprentices two years' training at a University, and arranges for them to have a complete training in all branches of engineering. The best apprentice is sent to Cambridge, where he is encouraged to read for an Honours Degree. This scholarship is worth £150 a year, and may be increased to £250.

De Havillands have a complete aircraft school, staffed by some of the best-known experts in the industry, where boys are given a grounding in every branch of aircraft, engine and airscrew design and manufacture.

Parents should write to the staff manager of the aircraft firm nearest to them to obtain details of the opportunities offered.

I cannot advise too strongly against a boy attempting to become a flight crew member, or ground staff technician in the peace time airways. These openings will undoubtedly be filled by the flood of skilled men trained by the R.A.F. during the war.

14,000 Workers go to the University!

Thousands of young folk are realising that education need not stop on leaving school, and the rapidly spreading Youth Schemes sponsored by the 'Workers' Educational Association are attracting students in every county

by HAROLD A. ALBERT

MARGY ROBINS is a North Country shop assistant. She works hard for her £3 a week. Yet she has just attained a University Honours standard in economics and social science.

The feat may bring her a better peace time job—but that wasn't her motive. Like many of the young moderns I have met on my youth tour of Britain, she feels that education is the gateway to a fuller life . . . and that you needn't lock the gates on leaving school.

"It isn't always what you think you're learning," a young collier told me. "It's learning how to think that matters."

Something like 14,000 working folk are attending spare-time University tutorial classes to-day. They are studying subjects as diverse as philosophy, science, psychology and international relations.

About 70,000 others are meeting for 4,000 regular courses this autumn. This does not include thousands of "under-eighteens" who are getting together for classes, lectures and study groups under Workers' Educational Association Youth Schemes.

How did this growth occur? Let us look at one group—the Sheffield branch of the Workers' Educational Association.

Some of the older members made study a hobby. They could remember how the Association had been created thirty years ago by the Co-operative Movement, the trades unions, and the attempts of the Universities themselves to reach the mass of the people.

Bridging the Gap

Two years ago they established a Youth Committee to study ways of bridging the gap between school and adult education.

They started by giving a film programme to a boys' club. The lads asked for more. Soon they had a panel of lecturers—some of them University professors—giving talks and special courses to over nineteen youth organisations.

The news spread. In North Staffordshire sixty-one youth groups asked for 400 talks. In the North-West, volunteer teachers gave a total of 2,245 lectures.

Week-end schools were organised and premises secured by taking over schools that closed after a five-day week and opening them for "odd hour" classes.

The youngsters knew what they wanted. One club of sixteen-year-olds asked for lectures on social problems. Another demanded a course on forms of government. Expert speakers were sent to fill the requests.

Eventually over 400 young people from forty different clubs attended a big get-together conference. The subject was German and Soviet Youth—and the young delegates had some strong points to make about the peace time world.

Why is it so important that the "left-school" generation is learning to think and to talk of its findings?

Perhaps a seventeen-year-old Sheffield apprentice summed it up when he said to me, "We blame the young people of 1918 for this war. We've got to be more enlightened and more alert than they were if it isn't to happen again."

Young people of eighteen were once barred from the Workers' Educational Association. To-day the groups under the Youth Scheme are the practical nucleus of the Young People's Colleges.

The schemes have two important basic aims. First, to teach young people to find their way about books and libraries, and to cultivate tastes and standards in music and art. Second, to inculcate the principle of freedom for discussion and education for citizenship.

I attended a senior class just to see what the new twenty-year-olds are making of this chance of self-education. And once again I found labourers and railwaymen exchanging ideas with white-collar workers and the sons of professional men.

Students Control Classes

The students control the classes from within. They choose the subjects, discuss the syllabus and elect a class secretary. No tutor is appointed without their consent.

One group held a University sessional course on Education itself.

In discussion the group agreed that there were too few nursery schools in the country—and there was not one in their district. This led to their W.E.A. branch starting and equipping a nursery school voluntarily and running it until the local authority took it over.

It still annoys the students of this group to think that nearly 2,000,000 children in Britain never enter a nursery school, where early physical defects can be spotted and corrected in time.

Do you wonder that the trades union men who represent the workers' case in wage negotiations are either present-day or ex-W.E.A. students? The fact that the students are learning to think for themselves and to take responsibility and leadership in working-class organisations is stressed by the W.E.A.

At the outset tutorial class students have to agree to attend classes at least one night a week for twenty-four weeks a year. To reach Honours standards they have to keep this up for three years.

First-Class Honours

Mr. J. Irving, former Northern District Youth Organiser, gained a scholarship to Cambridge from W.E.A. classes and took First-Class Honours in anthropology. Another working-man student, Professor Penrose, passed by way of scholarships to becoming professor at the older Universities and a recognised world expert on Japanese affairs.

There are young students to-day who eagerly cycle miles after a hard day's war work to share in the benefits of these "people's universities."

The term is no misnomer. Special summer schools are actually held at Oxford, Cambridge and other University centres and many trades unions offer scholarships to these courses.

That is how Sam Turner, a Tyneside rivet boy, went to Oxford. He lived in college, dined in hall, and browsed in the University atmosphere. Every day three or four students of his group met to discuss their special subject of study with their tutor.

Some 1,600 ordinary folk get this opportunity for special research at summer schools every year.

And Sam puts it very well for the coming generation when he says that "education is not a task, but an adventure."

JOHN BULL INQUIRY BUREAU conducted by HUMANIST

His Silence Worries Her

HUMANIST discusses the problem of a strangely silent husband, a young airman and also the loyalty of a son by adoption.

"I HAVE JUST RETURNED from a visit to my married daughter, but I am thankful to be home again owing to the super-reserve of my son-in-law. He would sit for hours on end and never speak unless spoken to.

"He is a good husband otherwise, and his employer thinks highly of his ability. But this dumbness, both at home and in company, gets on my nerves. It is especially hard on my daughter, who is quite lively. Can anything be done about it?"

It must be exasperating for your daughter, HUMANIST says, but before blaming the man one has to know the motive for such behaviour. Some men are sullen because they have a grievance against life and can't stop brooding about it. I doubt if this applies to your son-in-law.

His reserve may be nothing more than self-defence. He has a secret sense of inferiority and is afraid of giving himself away. If he could decide not to worry about the impression he is making the dumb demon that possesses him would be cast out. Sensitiveness to criticism and the fear of being laughed at are probably the root of his trouble.

"WE HAVE A young airman billeted with us. He comes from a poor home and his life has been dwarfed by poverty and lack of education.

"Since being in the R.A.F. he has associated with men of a different class who talk of their future prospects and the good jobs they will go back to. Our airman has no prospects and is worried about how to fit himself for the future. He spends his little money on books, clinging to the idea that by reading he can later take a good job."

The young man sounds intelligent, says HUMANIST, and I imagine that, since mixing with men of better education, he is fighting hard to overcome a feeling of inferiority. General reading is a good supplement to education, although alone it may not carry him far. It has to be allied to other qualities. He will be well advised to choose a subject which particularly appeals to him and to specialise in that. A man with specialised knowledge is likely to get a better job than a "dabbler." The pre-demobilisation schemes will probably be of help to him.

"I AM A MARRIED MAN with four children and also a widowed mother. Recently, with some relatives, I met a woman who seemed to take a great interest in me. I discovered eventually that this was my real mother and that the one who had been all that a mother should be to me for the thirty years of my life was only my mother by adoption. Now, to make matters worse, my job is likely to end soon, and my real mother, who lives in a different part of the country, has written to me saying that her husband can give me an excellent position.

"If I leave here for the new job, my adopted mother will think that I am leaving her to be near my real mother (whereas, of course, the job would be the only reason), and it would break her heart. My wife says I should not think of leaving her. Yet to stay means giving up a grand opportunity with very good prospects for the future."

HUMANIST says in reply: The choice is between staying where you are (with your job ending soon), but not hurting your "mother's" feelings, or, alternatively, leaving her and taking a job which offers a good future for both yourself and your wife and family.

Common-sense tells you to take the job, and it is best that you should. You can't satisfy everybody, but you can talk the whole problem out with your wife and mother and make them understand that your feelings will never change. The sooner any misunderstandings are cleared up the better.

Familiar Tune

H. T. F., Exeter: The Americans you heard were almost certainly singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee," which has the same tune as our "God Save The King." It is one of the most popular American patriotic songs, and dates back to 1832.

T. L., Islington, London, N.: Professor Albert Einstein, famous for his theory of Relativity, is now Professor of Physics at Princeton University, U.S.A. He is sixty-five.

R. N., Hull: As your husband was not an insured person at the date of death, I am sorry that you are entitled to a widow's pension. The contributions paid by him from 1914 to have no bearing on the matter.

A. M., Earlestown: Such things handbags, shopping bags, tea cosies, so on, are considered to be luxuries, and the making of them is articles, and the making of them is hibited except where a person was ing on business before the war. Unless your were making and selling articles before the war, it will be necessary for you to obtain a manufacturing licence from the Board of Trade.

T. H. K., Wolverhampton: Argus no doubt chosen originally as the of a newspaper to symbolise a watchful ever-alert policy. Argus, in mythology had a hundred eyes, only two of which slept at a time.

E. L., Bath: As you are suffering from neurasthenia, you cannot do better than get into touch with the Ex-Servicemen's Welfare Society, 53, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, who will do everything possible to assist you. They have special facilities for dealing with cases such as yours.

Service

IF YOU ARE in doubt, send your personal problems to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Expert guidance on other subjects (except medical) is given by our Legal Advice Service. Same address.

Where reply is desired by post, stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed.

Ex-Servicemen and dependants may be helped by JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Here's Your Golden Target for To-night!

RESULT No. 1,446—FIRST, £100 & RADIO

T. B. Richardson, 18, Langley Rd., Spondon, Derby.

TO WIN THE PEACE
BE SURE "GERMANY'S OUT"!

£10: A. E. Heward, 49, Harlech Cres., Sketty, Swansea. Man Of The Moment—That Lifetime Prepared, Winston.

£5: J. Johnson, 33, Claughton St., St. Helens, Lancs. Took The Wrong Road—Hurrying To "Easy Street."

£4: S. Cousins, 24, Bexley Terrace, Windsor. Hitler's Epitaph—"Here Lies Germany's Gravedigger."

£3: L. Thorpe, 206, Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester. Wouldn't Be Water—Causing Dad's "Nautical Roll"!

£2: D. M. Archibald, 11, Abbotsford St., Falkirk. Britain's Glory—Sea—Disgrace, Village's Water!

For winners of 38s., 36s., 34s., 32s., and 30s., see this week's "Bullets" Bulletin. Fountain Pen with each of above prizes. A list of 50 winners of 5s. can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards also posted.

YOUR XWORD CORNER

Enter for *John Bull's* Crossword 402—the First Prize is £50, plus £25 Radio for outright winner. Make your entry of 14 completed words, answering Clues below, on plain paper.

1. Schoolboy working hard on land may well return with arms all—BR□WN. 2. Even some grown-ups seem to be afraid of one—WAS□. 3. When too hot, is inclined to be most embarrassing—□EAL. 4. There are times when average dog likes good one—RU□. 5. When elected, M.P. should not forget his—W□RD. 6. Jerrybuilders ought not to be allowed to put up one—WA□L. 7. Fact that soldiers are in good heart is sometimes due to—□AND. 8. Church organist must watch his—ST□PS. 9. Good one will increase speed of football team—WIN□. 10. Question of this can prove pretty sticky—M□RE. 11. Gardener hates having to do this—SL□G. 12. Won't go down well if heavy—□UN. 13. May easily turn on worm—S□REW. 14. Policemen change these from time to time—BE□TS.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules. Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers, including payment for November 11 *Gazette*. Last day to post—Monday, October 30. Address: Xword 402, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EVER tried to make a *Bullet*? Hundreds of *John Bull* readers have won a prize with a first attempt: after reading the simple instructions, why shouldn't *you* fit together a prize *Bullet*?

Enjoy half-an-hour now, or this evening, with the inviting *Examples* below—and remember you have only until Monday, Oct. 30 to post your £250 coupon.

£250 1st Prize
£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 32/- 30/- 25 of 10/- 50 of
1,000 MERIT AWARDS

ADD 2, 3, or 4 WORDS to Any "EXAMPLE"—Use Coupon Below

SIMPLY add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* and you've made a *Bullet* that may make you the winner of this week's £250 First Prize.

FINAL VICTORY	PLAN THAT FAILED
EX-CORPORAL HITLER	HAD TO COME
SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY	IGNORANCE
NOT IN VAIN	MORE PAY
NAZI PRISONER	SEA OF TROUBLES
ON THE BEVERIDGE FRONT	NERVE-SHATTERING EXPERIENCE
LASTS LONGER	AT LIBERTY
BACK IN CIVVY STREET	BIG FAMILY
THEY'VE LOST THE WAR, BUT	WORTH TRYING
LEGAL MACHINERY	END OF THE STORY

If using any incomplete Example simply fill in ONE word of your own where dotted line occurs. Then write your "Bullet" as usual.

WAR OF.....
MAN WHO GOT .....
TAKES .....
ACCORDING TO.....
WATCHING HIS .....
LOOK AT THE .....

For instance, a Manchester entrant recently selected the *Example* Victory Bells. Upon that *Example* he built the First Prize *Bullet*, Victory Bells—Cast In Dunkirk's "Sand."

More winners for further guidance await you in the latest *Bullets* result on this page.

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets," my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Nov. 11. IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....

Signed .....
Address .....
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2 FREE BULLETS
For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

"BULLETS" No. 1,450

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, OCT. 28

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co/, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 18, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,450, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

RHEUMATISM

Answers to a sufferer's questions

"What's this I hear about Rheumatism being caused by poisons absorbed into the bloodstream from bad teeth or septic tonsils?"

"Many authorities have come to that conclusion. But, remember, poisons may also originate in a lazy, overloaded bowel—and pass into the blood."

"Maybe that is my trouble—please tell me how I can get these poisons away."

"Certainly! You must keep your bowels gently open and you must help your kidneys cleanse your bloodstream. Fynnon Salt will bring gentle relief for the bowels—and you will be interested to know that Fynnon Salt will also help your kidneys. A dose of Fynnon DIVIDES INTO TWO PARTS after leaving your stomach on its way down through the system. Part acts as a perfect laxative. But the other part is absorbed into the bloodstream, gently stimulates an increased outflow through the kidneys and bladder and so drains away poisons from the area of your rheumatic pain."

"So Fynnon Salt is much more than a laxative! I can see now why it can do so much good to anyone suffering from Rheumatism."

LARGE SIZE FYNNON SALT 1/6
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MY OLD SELF ONCE MORE

Dublin.
Aug. 1st, 1944

Dear Sirs,
For the last twenty years I have suffered from rheumatism. Last year I got particularly bad. A friend recommended your Yeast-Vite tablets, and after a few weeks I was feeling very much better. Now I am my old self once more and going about completely free from the torments of rheumatism.

(Sgd.) A grateful Dublin woman.

A NEW WOMAN

Barrow-in-Furness,
Aug. 12th, 1944

Dear Sirs,
Having been ill for a long while, I thought I would try your Yeast-Vite tonic tablets, as friends of mine were concerned that I did not pick up. After taking two bottles of your tonic I am a new woman, full of energy, do my work, the same as I used to do. I have told a few people, and one lady has taken Yeast-Vite for only a week, and she tells me she is feeling fine.

(Sgd.) Mrs. S.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your Chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/4 & 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).

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Shadow on HEART

The first thing that everyone should know about venereal diseases is that they can be avoided—by clean living. They are spread by sexual intercourse with men and women who already have the disease. The germs of these diseases cannot appear in the body of their own accord. Nor can they be carried through the air like the germs of colds.

Syphilis and Gonorrhœa. Syphilis is a dangerous, a killing disease. If not treated early, skilfully and completely, it can cause death or total disablement in early middle life. Unless an infected mother is treated early in pregnancy, she can pass on Syphilis to her unborn child, and may cause it to be born dead, or to die early in infancy. Gonorrhœa is also serious, and may cause arthritis, chronic ill-health, and inability to have children.

What are the signs of V.D.? The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the sex organs; it appears from 10-90 days—usually 3 or 4 weeks—after infection. Gonorrhœa first shows as a discharge from the sex organs, usually from 2-10 days after infection.

How is V.D. caught? In adults, almost always through sexual intercourse with an infected person. The passing of the disease in any other way is so uncommon that it need not be feared. Professional prostitutes are not the only spreaders of these diseases; anyone who has sexual relations with a casual acquaintance risks picking up syphilis or gonorrhœa. Clean living is the real safeguard.

Where V.D. can be cured. V.D. can be cured if treated early by a specialist doctor; self-treatment is useless and may be disastrous. A specialist's advice, and treatment if necessary, are given FREE at any V.D. clinic: the addresses of local clinics and the times of opening may be found on boards in public conveniences. There is usually no need to stay away from work during treatment. No operation is necessary except in rare cases. Disappearance of early symptoms does not necessarily mean a cure. It is essential to continue treatment until the doctor says it may safely be stopped. Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect V.D. should seek skilled medical treatment AT ONCE. **Treatment is confidential.**

FURTHER INFORMATION IN CONFIDENCE can be obtained from your local Council's Health Department, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

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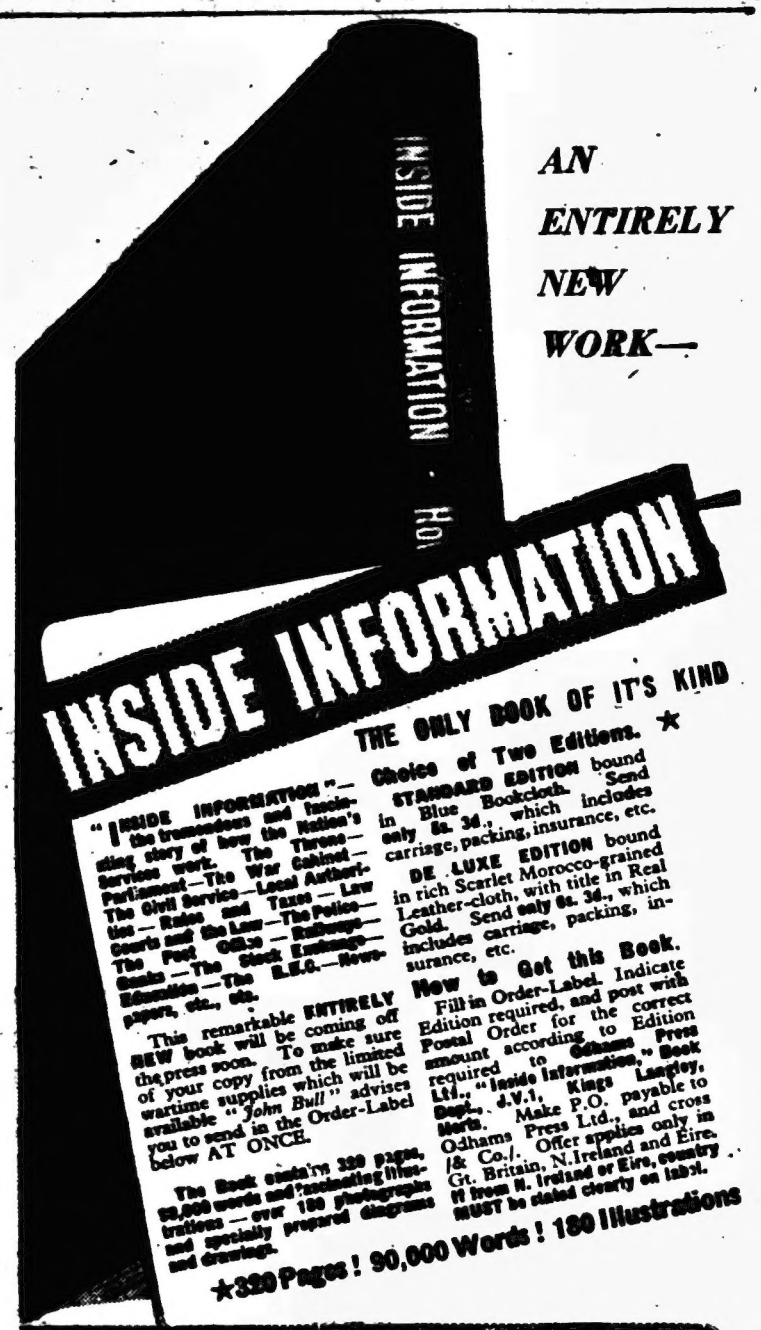

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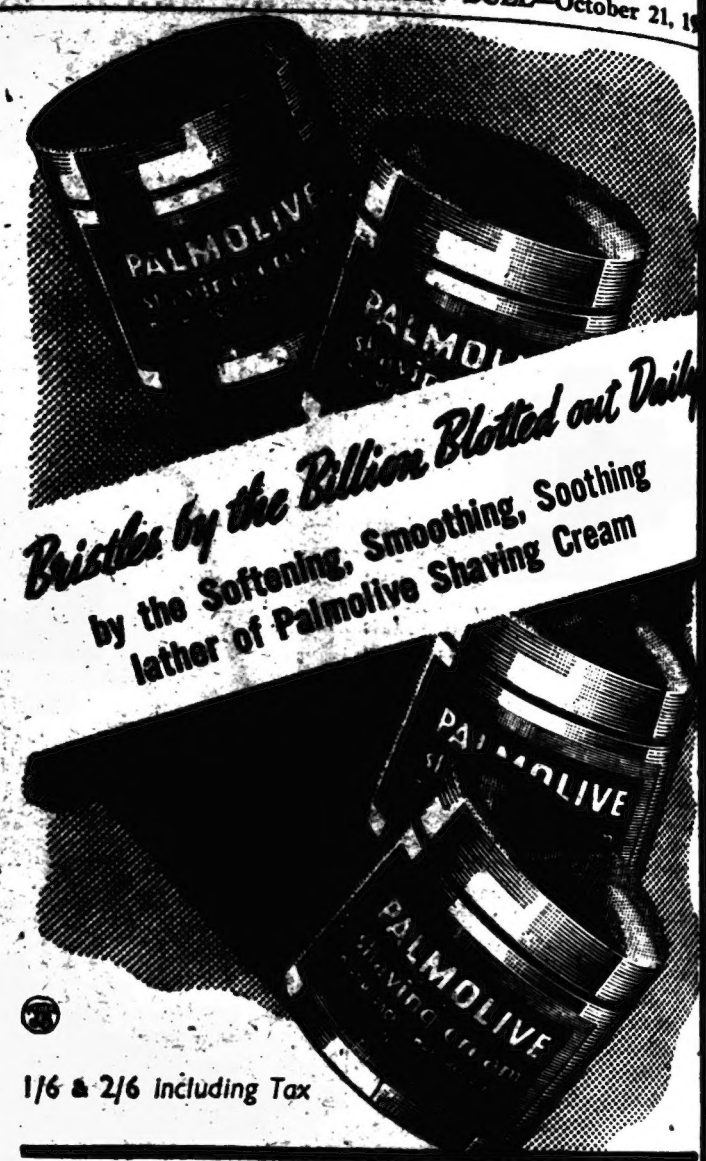

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